

Count Me Down

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Summary: RvB slash. Trapped down in the basement by Tex, Tucker and Church get to talking, and other things. The fumes from the broken pipes might be getting to them.

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A/N: I am master of horrible puns. I'd say ignore me, but I like some attention.

> **Genre:** General/Humor/Romance

> **Pairings:** Tucker/Church

> **Rating:** M

> **Summary:** Trapped down in the basement by Tex, Tucker and Church get to talking-and other things. The fumes from the broken pipes might be getting to them.

> **Warnings:** Cursing, nudity, slash, conspirator Tex, mentions of bondage, and allusions to sex.

10:00 p.m.-

Church growled low in his throat, fingers of his left hand drumming impatiently on his knee. Next to him, Tucker stretched and yawned.

"Tex. Is. A. Bitch," the smaller of the two seethed. The other glanced at him, nodding.

"And Caboose is just fucking stupid," he added.

"I mean, she knew that something was wrong with the pipes. And what does she do? Throw us down here."

"Don't forget that she told us to 'have fun' , " the aqua armored soldier reminded.

"And we don't know how to fix this type of bullshit."

"Also, ya got to remember that Caboose broke all the fuckin' wrenches."

"How the hell did he even do that?" Church asked incredulously.

"I'm not totally sure what he was doing. Maybe he was playing House again," Tucker guessed.

"What?" The other man shrugged. "God, I fuckin' hate the army."

10:45 p.m.-

"Wolverine could totally beat Superman's ass," Tucker said.

"Hell no. Superman's the man-of-fuckin'-steel; he could easily take that pansy."

"The only pansy is Spider-man, but that's not the point. Wolverine could dice off Superman's limbs in a second." Church rolled his eyes, though Tucker couldn't see.

"Tch. You wish. Please, he's indestructible and faster than a speeding bullet-how the hell can you hit something that's faster than a speeding bullet?"

"Right, Superman's supposedly fast. Then why the hell in every issue, is some random guy beating the living shit out of him?" the other man challenged.

"Oh, you're just a jealous Marvel-whore."

"And you're a sore DC-fanatic."

11:12 p.m.-

"I'd so pull rank on you, if I cared," Tucker told the smaller man. Church shrugged nonchalantly.

"'Sgood thing you don't really want to be leader."

"Yeah. But, you know, I could 'pull rank' on you in different ways."

"Huh?"

11:32 p.m.-

"Goddamn it's hot down here," Tucker complained as he undid the latches on his helmet.

"And stuffy," Church agreed, doing the same.

"Should it be this stifling?" the dark skinned man asked, struggling to get the rest of his aqua armor off.

"Probably not," Church replied, desperately trying to undo the rest of his latches.

12:27 a.m.-

"I lost my virginity when I was seventeen," Church told him.

"Same here. She was this blonde senior who couldn't resist my manly charms," Tucker gloated.

"So she was drunk?"

"Fuck you, man."

"Sorry, your 'manly charms' just don't work on me, buddy," Church laughed.

"Who was your first?" the other man asked, ignoring him.

"It sucked, it was sloppy, and I got mono," he divulged. He left out that it had been with a guy he liked who dumped him the day after.

"That sucks," Tucker commented.

12:50 a.m.-

"You'd be a great porn star," he told Church.

"How should I take that?" the other man asked. Tucker shrugged.

"However you want, I guess."

1:16 a.m.-

"Dude, I think from playing so many RPG's as a kid that now I have a role play fetish," Tucker told him.

"Handcuffs are the. Best. Kink. Ever," Church said stubbornly.

1:43 a.m.-

"Damn it, it's still too hot down here," Tucker griped as he took off his sweat-soaked shirt.

"I can't undo my goddamn button," Church cursed, hands fiddling with his pants.

1:57 a.m.-

"Okay, I don't think we can take off anymore clothes without being completely naked," Church said.

"But it's still so fuckin' hot," Tucker groaned.

"When we get out of here, I am going to _swim_ in ice."

"Is that before or after we kill Tex and Caboose?"

"We'll see."

2:26 a.m.-

"Some of the best sex I've ever had has been bondage," Church said. Tucker, who had at some point put his head in the smaller man's lap, nodded.

"Yeah. But, man, rope burns are easy to get." Church scoffed.

"Amateur."

3:01 a.m.-

"Yeah, but where would we get a mannequin that big?" Tucker questioned.

"Oh, you'd be surprised."

3:40 a.m.-

"I'm so bored," Tucker whined, head still in Church's lap.

"Mhm."

"And really light-headed," he added.

"Mhm."

"We need something to do," the darker man decided.

"Mhm."

3:53 a.m.-

"Oh, god!" Church gasped at the sudden feel of a tongue on his collarbone.

His hands scraped against the wall behind him, bound together with Tucker's shirt. His back arched as the other man squeezed his inner thigh.

4:32 a.m.-

"Hey, you sons of bitches still alive?" Tex called out, voice ringing throughout the basement. She jumped and landed gracefully whereas Caboose, following her, basically fell onto the floor.

"Ow. I am okay. Where are Church an' Tucker?"

"Beats the hell out of me. Maybe they really are dead," she mused.

Shrugging without a care, the brunette started to walk around examining the area, the man doing the same. It wasn't long before they stumbled upon the two, naked and asleep. Tex smirked.

"Told Donut it'd work for these two. I mean, if something like this worked for Griff and Simmons, then of course it'd work on Church and Tucker."

"Mhm," Caboose agreed. "So, um, should we move them?"

"Only if we don't want them to die," the woman answered.

"So, we're moving them?"

"Fine, why not?" she conceded. "Might as well since we went through all that trouble."

End
file.